

curious effect of reviving Buttercup, for she muttered something to the effect that "dat was a mos' drefful smash" as they conveyed her and her rescuer from the vicinity of danger.

This had scarcely been done when the house blew up—its walls were driven outwards, its roof was blown off, its bottles were shattered, all its baleful contents were scattered around, and, amid an appropriate hurricane of blue fire, that drinking and gambling saloon was blown to atoms.

Would that a like fate might overtake every similar establishment in the world!

This was the first and last attempt to disturb the peace of Sweetwater Bluff. It is said, indeed, that Crux and some of his men did, long afterwards, make their appearance in that happy and flourishing town, but they came as reformed men, not as foes—men who had found out that in very truth sobriety tends to felicity, that honesty is the best policy, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

THE END.